

Iron County Register.

By H. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

MAKE YOUR LIFE A SONG.

Make your life a song
And be it short or long.
Twill surely reach some soul upon life's way.

Thou here you ne'er may know,
Eternity will show
How much it helped the toiler day by day.

Make your life a song;
Ay, make it full and strong;
And let its music ring clear and sweet,
That it some heart may soothe,
Or make the rough road smooth
For some poor, tired wanderer's bruised feet.

Make your life a song;
Its richest notes prolong;
They'll carry comfort with them on their way
To some poor burdened one
Whose gloom the task ne'er does
And turn the heavy night to clearest day.

Make your life a song,
And sing it all day long;
To greet your fellow travelers as you go
On toward life's setting sun.
Whatever your song has done
For other souls may show,
—Emma C. Dulaney, in Word and Work.

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night instead of to-morrow afternoon. I want to smuggle them in so that Nell won't know they are here. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Howard looked at him seriously. "Tom, I do not wish you to do anything to humiliate Nellie, at least unnecessarily. Still, I think you are right. It hurts me to think of causing her pain, but I do think it will be the best thing for her. I have tried to speak with her gently, but I know she merely thought I was carping and unkind and that we do not quite understand her. She does not realize how careless she has grown. Now be careful, Tom!"

"All right," said Tom, cheerfully, and he was off like a whirlwind.

Nellie was not quite so late as usual to breakfast on Saturday morning perhaps because she was expecting Jean Fairfax, and had awakened with a more lively interest in her every-day life. Her hair was a trifle

reclined and she wore the short, pink dressing-sack as she came into the dining-room. At the door she started guiltily, and a wave of warmer pink swept over her face and neck and tingled in the very edges of her hair.

Two strange young men sat at the table, laughing and chatting with her father and mother and Tom. They were tall—Nellie particularly admired tall men—one of them slim, with glasses and shrewd, twinkling eyes

behind them, the other broad and heavy, with a head of hair which proclaimed him to be none other than "Billy" Ellis, Tom's football hero.

Tom looked up innocently as Nell, of cruel necessity, came forward and took her place, giving an apprehensive twitch to her spreading draperies and wishing fervently that she were at the north pole, with that stretched Tom and his friends at the south pole.

Tom apparently was utterly oblivious that anything was wrong, and cheerfully introduced his friends with an explanatory, "They came last night, you know."

Nellie sat through her breakfast in a far from happy frame of mind. Tom was horrid not to tell her, and she hated that dressing-sack! The Ellis boys were nice, though, and she brightened and tried to talk, but in some way Tom kept the conversation going so rapidly, only including his parents, that she found it difficult to say anything. Billy Ellis thought Tom's sister "jolly pretty," only he didn't care for that loose thing she wore, and he wondered why she was so quiet. His brother Preston watched her reflectively from behind his glasses, and concluded that there was some electricity in the domestic atmosphere, and that Tom was probably the cause of it.

Breakfast had never been so long to Nell, and as soon afterward as she could find her brother alone, she cornered him indignantly.

"Tom Howard, I think it was perfectly horrid of you! Why didn't you tell me, instead of letting me come down to breakfast looking like this?"

There were volumes of scorn in the tone in which she designated her general appearance. Tom looked at her in injured surprise.

"That? Why, I thought you liked it, although I must say I don't think much of it myself. Of course I could have let you know, if I'd known you felt that way. They just came late last night. Besides, if that rig is good enough for us, I guess it's good enough for other people."

Brothers can sometimes be brutally frank. Nell colored, feeling that the conversation was taking an unfortunate turn, but she had another, and to her a very real, grievance.

"And you were actually rude, too! You never give me a chance to say a word, and I had to sit there like a wooden doll. I know they thought me queer and stupid. You never used to act this way."

"Well, I can't seem to suit you," said Tom, resignedly, and his sigh was eloquent of injured virtue. "I thought you were so worn out, and everything from school, and you've been so mopey all along, that I just exerted myself to take your share of the conversation off your shoulders. You haven't talked much to us during breakfasts, you know."

"Oh, you needn't bother explaining!" Nell interposed, and marched away with all the dignity she could command under such trying circumstances. But there was a choking feeling in her throat, and once out of her brother's sight she fled swiftly to her room and wept.

"Oh, oh!" she wailed in the depths of a pillow. "Wasn't it just too horrid of him? And I saw the football one looking at this d-dreadful thing! I know he thought it wasn't nice, and I looked just like a belly-ache!"

A flushed and tear-stained face rose suddenly from the pillow, the objectionable garment was whisked off, rolled into an ignominious ball, and viciously stuffed behind the bureau.

"Oh, I just hate you, and I'll never want you again outside this room, at least for a while!"

The recollection that Jean Fairfax would be with her that noon was a faint comfort. Nell bathed her face and began to prepare for her friend's coming.

At lunch Tom obligingly let the conversation go where it would, and Nell's spirits rose until Billy Ellis concluded that Tom's sister was a "jolly little thing," and turned his head in her direction so frequently that her brother's eyes gleamed with delight. But the wound still rankled, and Nellie could hardly wait to get Jean Fairfax home from the station before she poured her morning's woes into that sympathetic ear. Jean looked a little black and pained with hat-plus half out.

"Oh, do you wear your dressing-sack at breakfast, Nell?"

"Why, yes, just at home. Don't you?"

"Well, no, not out of my room. You see, papa and the boys hate those loose things, so most men do, I guess. Besides, there are a good many of us and only one servant, so I am pretty busy helping mother mornings. If I didn't dress before breakfast, I shouldn't get time afterward. You don't have to do anything but amuse yourself, do you, you lucky old dear!"

Nell did not have much to say. She was looking doubtful.

By Monday morning the family had already fallen into the habit of lin-

gering at the breakfast table. There was much to linger for. Three times in succession Mr. Howard had put his coffee down unstarted, to laugh heartily at a lively skirmish between Preston Ellis and Jean Fairfax.

"Would you two mind suspending hostilities for a few moments?" queried Tom. "I should like to plan a little gadding. How about a tally-ho party for Thursday? We don't own one of those swell things ourselves, but I know of a first-class one we could hire, and pretend we owned it when once we were out of town."

"Oh, good!"

Nell's eyes shone with excitement, but Tom suddenly looked doubtful.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, sis. I really forgot," he said, contritely. "Are you sure you could stand it? It's a long ride, you know, and you might find it tiring."

"Why, of course I could stand it! What nonsense!" Nell turned to her brother in incredulous astonishment.

"Well, if you really think it wouldn't exhaust you, he said, doubtfully. Then turning to the others, he added, in grave explanation:

"You see, Nell's health has been very delicate since her return from school. I suppose she studied too hard, but she seems all worn out—just hangs around without any ambition at all, and we want her to be in better shape before she goes back."

He said it with such frank innocence of manner, and turned toward her with such a touchingly solicitous air, that it was out of the question to take exception to this remarkable statement. Nell's cheeks burned as she remembered that she had never looked plumper and healthier in her life. She felt a hysterical desire to laugh as Billy Ellis turned to her with a wondering, "Is that so? Why now, that's too bad." But, after all, it was no laughing matter. Billy was reflecting that Tom's pretty sister should be one of the eternally tired kind.

"Well, then, the tally-ho goes for Thursday," continued Tom, equably. "And Billy and I were saying yesterday that it would be jolly to have an all-day, out-of-doors, do-as-you-please trip down the river, a sort of picnic with modern improvements. We could invite a few people we know, besides ourselves, and take a load of things for the inner man. How about that, mother?"

How about that, mother? It was a question that would be much trouble to get us up some stuff for to-morrow."

"If it is going to make Mrs. Howard any trouble," announced Billy Ellis, decidedly, "it won't come off, and that settles it."

"Why, I can do it!" quickly interposed Nellie. "Mother needn't do anything."

"Yes, and I'll help. Mrs. Howard mustn't do a single thing but sit in a big chair and give orders. Nell and I can do it all."

Jean nodded her head conclusively as she made this statement, but Tom's anxious gaze was again bent on his sister.

"Don't be reckless, sis. There will be a lot of extra cooking to do, you know, and it might give you trouble with your head. I know you used to make cakes and things, but you're not used to it now, and we don't want you to overdo yourself."

"O Tom, how utterly ridiculous! Why, I am just as well as—as you are!"

Nell tried to speak lightly, but she could have cried then and there. It was too humiliating for a plump, rosy girl of 19 to be held up before strangers as a dejected invalid.

Tom's medicine was by no means exhausted; in fact, he considered that his heroic treatment was but just begun, but Mrs. Howard had keener eyes than he for signs of distress, and she felt that never busy with the household of young people on her hands, had thankfully improved the opportunity to slip upstairs. Nell was busy collecting materials for her cakes, but there were signs of a storm in her flushed face and unsteady lips. As Mrs. Howard opened the door, she recklessly dropped an egg and hurried herself tempestuously into those ever-ready arms, which closed warmly about her.

"Oh mamma, mamma, I think Tom is just too horrid! I know I've been a mean, selfish thing, and I just hate myself, but I will help you all I can, and I won't wear that horrid sack, or come down late, or be lazy and careless, or—oh, dear!"

Mrs. Howard bent tenderly over the brown head laid in woe and repentance on her shoulder. Tom came swinging in at the back door, thinking remorsefully that perhaps he had been a little hard, and wanting to make peace with Nell. He stopped short as he saw them. Jean, ever tactful, motioned him to come in, and slipped quietly out of the door—Youth's Companion.

"Spoonerismus."

A correspondent sends an instance of what the Germans are learning darkly to style a "Spoonerismus," which came under his own observation a few days ago. A man walked into a bicycle shop with a fox terrier, and asked the owner of the shop whether he could "bake a tyke" for half an hour only. The man looked agast at the dog, and said he did not do such things as his premises at all. Whereupon the visitor, looking at the machines, said: "Well, you have several here, and I understand you let them at so much an hour." "Oh," said the man, "you want to take a bike? I see now. I did not know what you wanted; I thought you wanted to get rid of your terrier."—London Globe.

Judging From the Past.

Little Boy—How soon you and sis goin' to be married?

Accepted Suitor—She hasn't named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.

"She doesn't," I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short."—Stray Stories.

THE MANDATES OF FASHION.

What the Up to Date Woman Will Add to Her Outfit for the Coming Season.

Long chains will be worn another season.

The "touch of gold" grows less and less on elegant toilets.

Extraordinarily large open-work balls, topped with a jewel, figure among latest hatpins.

Turkish coffee pots in Dresden china and copper are odd but pretty additions to the china closet, says a fashion authority.

In autumn, instead of cretonne, the applications will be garlands, bouquets, etc., cut from velvets.

Blue serge frocks with an undeniably air of strappes are merely trimmed with strappings of blue fastened with gold.

The plain and two-toned ribbons are crisp, tulle and lace are being used into bows and rosettes without musing the ribbon.

Ivory is once more in vogue for the medley of toilet appointments scattered over the fashionable woman's dressing table.

Diaphanous stuffs will continue to reign supreme for evening gowns. Embroidered moiré lines in black, white and also some gaudily colored effects, are offered as correct.

Styles in wraps remain somewhat unsettled. That is, it is clear enough that a great variety of fine outside garments will be offered and worn, but just which will be the most abundant ones remains uncertain.

Sleeves are slowly but surely altering; they have been gradually doing so for some months. In fact, before the real winter fashions make their appearance sleeves will be more voluminous than ever, but with a few exceptions they will not be exaggerated.

Reds and browns will be in force, especially among the tailors, and stripes and spots are very noticeable among flannel gowns. Plain serges in white, red and blue will be worn right up until the cold weather really begins.

A form of trimming to renew its stylishness is that of the fatted and spangled order. New sorts of this are offered, and jetted robes and trimmings, both in spangles and beads, are among the handsomest and most expensive of the season's novelties.

Gay trimmings are not to be lacking this fall and winter. The showing of new sorts is quite the equal in brightness and variety of the displays made early last spring. Ribbons are very handsome and are offered in stripes, plaids, checks, Dresden and serpentine effects, plain and two-toned colors. They will be used freely for trimming gowns and fancy waists and for neckwear.

A costume of ochre linen is effectively made with a skirt extremely sweeping in cut and tucked horizontally, the tucks rising toward the back, at the top of the flounce. The blouse is cut low in front and short in the back and has a scroll design of stitched linen edging it. The blouse accompanying it is of tucked batiste of ochre tint, with Irish guipure emplacements at the throat.

Tea gowns made on Charles I. lines are of very light weight cloth, with a soft rigidity holding the fullness just at the bust. The blouse short waist is usually slashed to show a delicately-colored satin lining, as are the full sleeves, and broad Vandyke point lace forms a collar and falls over and under. Others have accordian-plaited stoles and fichu insertions with lace insertion and trimmed with deep lace. Golden brown, blues and reds look well in these gowns.

One new wrap is a reversible cape of the golf-cape order, but designed for evening wear. On one side the material is eiderdown of a delicate pink. The lining of white and pink brocade may be worn outside, making a change so complete that the possessor may deceive others into thinking that she is the owner of two handsome wraps.

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When Mrs. Howard went into the kitchen a few moments later, she found her daughter and Jean already there, stirred in voluminous aprons. Katie, more than ever busy with the household of young people on her hands, had thankfully improved the opportunity to slip upstairs. Nell was busy collecting materials for her cakes, but there were signs of a storm in her flushed face and unsteady lips. As Mrs. Howard opened the door, she recklessly dropped an egg and hurried herself tempestuously into those ever-ready arms, which closed warmly about her.

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PITH AND POINT.

Be good to the living; the dead are able to take care of themselves.—Aitchison Globe.

Lots of men seem to think that there is a patent on honesty, and that they don't want to risk being infringers.—Chicago Daily News.

"That is a strange habit of old Colnberg; always jingling the money in his pockets." "Yes, he's always trying to turn an honest dollar."—Indianapolis News.

Saphedde (as the clock strikes midnight)—"What I admire in a man is his staying qualities." Miss Causette (yawning)—"How conceited of you."—Philadelphia Record.

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table to the server of the beverage. "Hey?" ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing. "No; straw, I said."—Beverages.

"Mabel," said Claude, knocking the ashes from his cigarette, "when we are married will you bake the bread?" "I will if you furnish